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THE

NEGRO MINSTREL:

CONTAINING

A Choice Selection of

THE MOST POPULAR

NEGRO SONGS.

No. I.

GLASGOW:
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NEGRO SONGS.

A LIFE BY DE GALLEY FIRE.

A life by de galley fire,
A home in de good ole ship,
Whar de waves curl higher an' higher,
Like a nigger's under lip ;
Like a coon in a cage I pine,
While on de stan' still shore,
Give me de pickle brine,
An' de black caboose once more.
Oh, a life by de galley fire,
A home in de rollin' ship,
Whar de waves curl higher an' higher,
Like a nigger's under lip.

In de ole caboose I stan'
Among the fish an' pot,
And dar I hab comman'
Of wittals smoken hot ;
I sit an' toast my shin,
An' work my ole jaw-bone,
An' when the storm begin,
I sing him dis yar tune.
A life by de galley fire, &c.

Wid a slice ob good fat ham,
Cooked brown as de nigger's skin,
My wittal's chest I cram,
An' like a shark I grin ;
An' when eight bells hab struck,
Away I go to roos,
An' I sleep like a black sea duck,
An' dream ob de ole caboose.
Oh, a life by de galley fire, &c.

MY OLE DAD.

Oh, dandy Jim am sung to death,
And ole Dan Tucker's out ob breath,
Something new am good, although it's bad,
I'll sing you a song about my ole dad.—
Ole dad, ole dad, my ole dad,
He took a swim all alone;
He swims like a feather,
An' dives like a stone.

My ole dad went out to swim,
He hung his-self on a hickory limb,
He dived his clothes in de stream instead,
An' dey swimmed away from my ole dad.
Ole dad, ole dad, &c.

His great slipstake ole dad did see,
An' tried to pick himself from de tree,
But de limb broke off de stream quite mad,
Down to de bottom went my ole dad.
Ole dad, ole dad, &c.

He come up twice to find his clothes,
Den down to de bottom 'gin he goes;
De clothes got soaked like pickled shad,
An' down they went arter my ole dad.
Ole dad, ole dad, &c.

My ole missus 'sprest her wish,
Dat I would go an' cotch some fish;
I baited my hook to ketch a shad,
De first fish bite was my ole dad.
Ole dad, ole dad, &c.

I hooked him by de under jaw,
And near de top his wool head draw,
An' eb'ry rag ob clothes he had,
Was on de body ob my ole dad.
Ole dad, ole dad, &c.

I pulled away with all my mout,
To fish de poor old nigger out;
De fish pole broke, 'kase he'd swelled so bad,
Down like a dead hoss went ole dad.
Ole dad, ole dad, &c.

One night while missus laid in bed,
She felt a loud smell near her head,
She knowed well as fryen shad,
She looked an' dar was my ole dad.
Ole dad, ole dad, &c.

An' now de ole man's back you know,
He'll print his travels down below;
But if he makes things worse den bad,
De debil will come for my ole dad.
Ole dad, ole dad, &c.

DANDY JIM FROM CAROLINE.

I've often heard it said ob late,
Dat Souf Carolina was de state,
Whar a handsome nigga's bound to shine,
Like dandy Jim from Caroline.
For my ole massa tole me so,
I was de best looking nigga in de country, O,
I look in de glass an' found 'twas so,
Just what massa tole me, O.

I drest myself from top to toe,
And down to Dinah I did go,
Wid pantaloons strapped down behin',
Like dandy Jim from Caroline.
For my ole massa, &c.

De bulldog cleared me out ob de yard,
I tought I'd better leabe my card,
I tied it fast to a piece ob twine,
Signed, "Dandy Jim from Caroline."
For my ole massa, &c.

She got my card an' wrote me a letter,
An' ebery word she spelt the better;
For ebery word an' ebery line,
Was dandy Jim from Caroline.
For my ole massa, &c.

Oh, beauty is but skin deep,
But wid Miss Dinah none complete,
She changed her name from lubly Dine,
To Mrs. Dandy Jim from Caroline.
For my ole massa, &c.

An' ebery little nig she had,
Was de berry image ob de dad,
Dar heels stuck out three feet behin',
Like dandy Jim from Caroline.
For my ole massa, &c.

I took dem all to church one day,
And hab dem christened without delay,
De preacher christened eight or nine
Young dandy Jims from Caroline.
For my ole massa, &c.

LUCY LONG.

Oh, I jist come out afore you,
To sing a little song,
I plays it on de banjo,
And dey calls it Lucy Long.
Oh, take your time, Miss Lucy,
Take your time, Miss Lucy Long.

Miss Lucy she is handsome,
And Miss Lucy she is tall,
And de way she spreads her ankles
Is death to de niggers all.
Oh, take, &c.

Oh, Miss Lucy's teeth is grinning,
Just like an ear ob corn,
And her eyes dey look so winning,
I wish I ne'er was born.
Oh, take, &c.

Oh, Miss Lucy when she trabbles,
She always lebes a mark,
Ob her footsteps on de grabble—
You can see dem in de dark.
Oh, take, &c.

My mother's sick a-bed, ah!
My daddy's got de gout,
Good morning, Mr. Jenkins,
"Does your mother know you're out."
Oh, take, &c.

My daddy is a baker,
My mother kneads de dough,
My brother plays de fiddle,
And I de ole banjo.
Oh, take, &c.

If I had a scolding wife,
I'd lick her sure as I'm born:
I'd take her down to New Orleans,
And trade her off for corn.
Oh, take, &c.

MARY BLANE.

I once did lub a pretty gal—I lub'd her as my life,—
She came from Louisiana, and I made her my dear wife.
At home we lib'd so happy, oh, free from grief and pain,
But in de winter time of year I lost my Mary Blane.
Oh, fare de well, poor Mary Blane! one feeling heart bids you adieu—
Oh, fare de well, my Mary Blane! we'll never meet again.

I went into de woods one day, to hunt among de cane,
De white man come into my house, and took poor Mary Blane;
It grieb me bery much to tink, no hope I entertain,
Ob eber seeing my dear gal, my own poor Mary Blane.
Oh, fare de well, &c.

When toiling in de cotton field, I cry, and say good bye,
Unto my broder comrades, oh, soon,—oh, soon I die!
My poor wife gone—I cannot lib amidst dis world ob pain,
But lay me in de grabe to find out my poor Mary Blane.
Den fare de well, dear Mary Blane, do we are parted here on earth—
Oh, fare de well, dear Mary Blane, we soon shall meet again.

OLE DAN TUCKER.

Oh, I went to town de oder night,
To hear de shows and see de sights,
When I got dere I look all round,
Till I hear Dan Tucker's banjo sound.
Oh, get out de way,
Oh, get out de way,
Ole Dan Tucker,
You're too late to come to supper.

Dar ole black Bill just bring to town,
A possum wid a big racoon,
Oh, de coon he show de possum fight,
But she creep in her bosom out ob sight,
Singing, get out de way, &c.

I seed my gal, she's a virgin maid,
Dat Tucker tried to serenade,
He tried to come, but he couldn't go,
For she winked at me wid de heel ob her toe.
Oh, get out de way, &c.

Oh, ole Dan went to run his hoss,
But he couldn't get his legs across,
So he lay him cross like a bag o' meal,
And he spurred de hoss with his big toe nail.
Oh, get out de way, &c.

Oh, he runn'd away kase massa cross,
To walk de riber I mount ole hoss,
But de ole hoss went to de bottom smack,
And I rode over on de river's back.
Oh, get out de way, &c.

WHO'S DAT KNOCKING AT DE DOOR?

I HAB just come down on a little bit ob a spree,
And I'm bery well acquainted wid de gals I come to see.
I went to de house, but dey was all gone to bed,
And out ob de winder a colour'd lady said—
"Who is dat knocking at de door?
Who is dat knocking at de door?
Am dat you, Sam?"—"No, it am Jim."
"Well, you ain't good-looking, and you can't come in,
And dar's no use knocking at de door any more,
And dar's no use knocking at de door."

"Who is dat knocking at de door,
Making such a noise wid his saucy jaw?
I'll call de watch and tell dem how,
Dat you come here to kick up a row.
Who is dat knocking at de door?
Who is dat knocking at de door?
Am dat you, Sam?"—"No, it am Jim."
"Well, you ain't good-looking, and you can't come in,
And dar is no use," &c.

Den she open de door, and she let me in,
And I sat at de fire, and I warm my shin:
In come a watchman two or three,
Says, "Come along nigger, you must come wid me."
"Who is dat knocking at de door?
Who is dat knocking at de door?
Am dat you, Sam?"—"No, it am Harry."
"Well, you ain't good-looking, and you will hab to tarry,
And dar is no use," &c.

They took me to de watch-house, and I stay all night,
And I neber sleep a wink until de broad daylight.
De day began to brake, and de chicken crow,
And some one kept a knocking at de door.
"Who is dat knocking at de door?
Who is dat knocking at de door?
Am dat you, Sam?"—"No, it am Jim."
"Well, your hair don't curl, and you can't come in,
And dar is no use," &c.

LUCY NEAL.

I WAS born in Alabama, my massa's name was Deal;
He used to own a yaller girl, her name was Lucy Neal.
My massa he did sell me, because he thought I'd steal,
Which caused a separation ob myself and Lucy Neal.
Oh! poor Lucy Neal! Oh! poor Lucy Neal!
If I had you by my side, how happy I should feel.

One night de Niggers gabe a ball, Miss Lucy danced a reel,
But none was there that could compare wid my sweet [Lucy Neal;
She used to go out wid us, to pick cotton in the field,
And dere is where I fell in lub wid my sweet Lucy Neal.
Oh! poor Lucy Neal, &c.

Miss Lucy she was taken ill, how bad it made me feel;
De doctor he did gib her up—alas! poor Lucy Neal!
One day I got a letter, and jet black was de seal—
It was de nouncement ob de death ob my poor Lucy Neal.
Oh! poor Lucy Neal, &c.

Dey bore her from my bosom, but de wound dey cannot heal;
And my heart, my heart is breaking, for I lub'd sweet [Lucy Neal!
Oh! yes, and when I'm dying, and dark visions round me steal,
De last low murmur ob dis life shall be sweet Lucy Neal.
Oh! poor Lucy Neal, &c.

JIM BROWN.

I am a siance nigga, my name is Jim Brown,
I am one dat plays de music all about de town;
It aint de common niggas I would deign to gib my hand,
Because I am de leader ob de fam'd black band.
I play upon de fife—I play upon de fiddle—
I'm opposed to de bank, an don't like Biddle.

De wenches in de city dey all run arter me,
Cause I lite on der fections like a possum on a flea;
But dey can't suck in dis child, I don't know how it can [be,
For nothing less than white gals eber come to tea.
I play upon de simbles, an make de handsome sound,
An I'm de high musician dey call Jim Brown.

De way I cum to play de fife and carry ob de sword,
I practised on de banjo sugar in the gourd;
De niggas dey all dance when I begin to play,
Dey dance from de mornin to de close ob de day.
I play upon de banjo in de country,
I'm a clear grit nigga, from de elbow to de knee.

So since music in de city, it is all de rage,
My friends dey did swade me to sing upon de stage;
So since I have appeared and get de plause from you,
I don't mind de constable, nor fear de Buga Boo.
An if I get encouraged by de people of dis town,
Take de eberlastin blessin ob de nigga, Jim Brown.

OLD ROSIN THE BEAU.

I'M a Yankee boy seeking my fortune,
And soon on my travels I'll go,
And teach all the host of creation
The way to sing Rosin the Beau.
The way to sing Rosin the Beau.
If you want a tune on life's fiddle,
You must now and then Rosin the Beau.

First for England I'll take my departure,
And see ev'ry wonder and show,
And the first thing I'll do when I'm landed,
Is to tip 'em old Rosin the Beau,
Is to tip 'em old Rosin the Beau:
And when I'm a little bit tired,
I'll sit down and Rosin my Beau.

The lawyer, the doctor, the trader,
Mechanic, the sailor also,
Must now and then rest from their labours,
To sit down and Rosin the Beau,
To sit down and Rosin the Beau.
They'd soon be worn out and past service,
If they didn't well Rosin the Beau.

At the palace the princes are thriving,
The little princesses also,
And soon will another be landed,
To learn to sing Rosin the Beau,
To learn to sing Rosin the Beau:
They all must be taught in the nurs'ry,
To be singing old Rosin the Beau.

Then the Glasgow folks I will visit,
They'll give me a welcome, I know,
Lor' love 'em, I'm with them this minute,
A-singing old Rosin the Beau,
A-singing old Rosin the Beau.
And it aint the last time by many
That I hope to sing Rosin the Beau.

I'll court all the girls in the county,
They'll be shy first, and cry don't do so,
But like ice in the sun they'll be melting,
When I sing them old Rosin the Beau,
When I sing them old Rosin the Beau.
There's nothing in life that can please them
So well as old Rosin the Beau.

CLAR DE KITCHEN.

In ole Kentuck, in dè arternoon,
We sweep de kitchen wid a bran new broom,
And arter dat we form a ring,
And dis is de song dat we do sing:
Clar de kitchen, old folks, young folks,
Clar de kitchen, old folks, young folks,
Old Wurginny neber tire.

I cum to a creek, an couldn't get across,
So I gib two dollars for a Canada hoss;
I hitched dis hoss to a poplar limb,
An he begin to cut de pigeon wing.
To clar de kitchen, &c.

A jay bird sat on a hickory limb,
He wink'd at me, an' I wink'd at him;
I up wid a stone an' I hit him on de shin,
And dat's de way I suck'd him in.
So clar de kitchen, &c.

A bull-frog dress'd in soldier's clothes,
Went into de corn-field to drill some crows;
His first lieutenant was a wood chuck,
Who had more metal than Col. Pluck.
So clar de kitchen, &c.

I hab a sweetheart in dis town,
Who dresses in a green silk gown,
As she walks de street all round,
De hollow ob her foot make a hole in de ground.
So clar de kitchen, &c.

Lub is ticklish thing you know,
It makes de fair sex feel all ober so;
Dar's squash head Sambo, who lubs black Rose,
Wants to cum possum ober Dinah, I spose,
An clar de kitchen, &c.

One day as I walk'd in Lumbar street,
My lubly Dinah I did meet,
I wink'd, she blush'd like a bag ob sut,
Roll'd de white ob her eye and gib a great strut.
To clar de kitchen, &c.

Dis lubly creature one day I did see,
Drinking a julep sangaree,
An seated on a tater hill,
Eating up a whip-poor-will.
Now clar de kitchen, &c.

GOING OBER DE MOUNTAIN.

Way down in de Kentuck brake,
De darkey libs, dey calls him Jake,
He hab de woods all roun' him ringing,
And dis am de tune dat he am singing,—
Ra, ra, my true lub, do come along, my darlin';
Fare-you-well, Miss Dinah gal,
For I'm gwine ober de mountain.

Cum my lub, and go wid me,
I'm gwine to leab dis counterie,
A hoss and cart shall toat you roun',
It walk up hill and foot it down.—Ra, ra, &c.

One kind kiss before we part,
One more kiss would break my heart,
I'll lub you well until I die,
So shut your mouf and do not cry.—Ra, ra, &c.

In Carolina de niggas grow,
If white man only plants his toe,
Dey water de ground wid backey smoke,
And up de punkin heads do poke.—Ra, ra, &c.

Some niggas dey are so very genteel,
Dey hang dar hats upon dar heel,
And for a place to hang dar clothes,
Stand in de corner, and hang'em on dar nose.—Ra, ra, [&c.

At mornin when dis nigga rose,
He put his mittens on his toes;
He went to shell corn in de shed,
Shelled his shins all bare instead.—Ra, ra, &c.

In old Wurginia, whar I war born,
Dey feed de niggas on possum corn,
And den dey gits so debilish fat,
Dere heads swell up, dey can't wear hat.—Ra, ra, &c.

COAL-BLACK ROSE.

Lubly Rose, Sambo cum,
Don't you hear de banjo—tum, tum, tum?
Lubly Rose, Sambo cum,
Don't you hear de banjo—tum, tum, tum?
Oh, Rose, de coal-black Rose,
I wish I may be burnt if I don't lub Rose.
Oh, Rose, &c.

Dat you, Sambo? Yes, I cum,
Don't you hear de banjo—tum, tum, tum?
Dat you, Sambo? Yes, I cum,
Don't you hear de banjo—tum, tum, tum?
Oh, Rose, &c.

Tay a little, Sambo, I cum soon,
As I make a fire in de back room;
Tay a little, Sambo, I cum soon,
As I make a fire in de back room.
Oh, Rose, de coal-black Rose,
I wish I may be burnt if I don't lub Rose.
Oh, Rose, &c.

Make haste, Rose, lubly dear,
I froze tiff as poker tandin here;
Make haste, Rose, lubly dear,
I almost froze waitin here.
Oh, Rose, I almost froze,
I wish I may be burnt if I don't lub Rose.
Oh, Rose, &c.

Cum in Sambo, don't tand dere shakin,
De fire is a burnin, an de hoe cake a bakin;
Sit down, Sambo, an stop dat shakin,
De peas in de pot, an de hoe cake a bakin.
Oh, Rose, bress dat Rose,
I wish I may be burnt if I don't lub Rose.
Oh, Rose, &c.

Sit down, Sambo, an warm your shin,
Lor' bress you, honey, for what make you grin?
Sit down, Sambo, an toast your shin,
Lor' bress you, honey, for what make you grin?
Oh, Rose, bress dat Rose,
I wish I may be burnt if I don't lub Rose.
Oh, Rose, &c.

What in de corna dare dat I spy?
I know dat nigga Cuffee, by de white ob de eye.
Dat not Cuffee, 'tis a tick ob wood sure!
A tick ob wood wid tockin on, you tell me dat? pshaw.
Oh, Rose, take care Rose,
I wish I may be burnt if I don't hate Rose,
Oh, Rose, you blacka snake Rose.

Let go my arm, Rose, let me at him rush,
I swella his two lips like a blacka balla brush;
Let go my arm, and let me top his win,
Let go my arm, Rose, while I kick him on de shin.
Oh, Rose, take care Rose, &c.

I ketch hold of Cuffee, I take him by de wool,
I ketch hold of Cuffee, he try away to pull,
But I up wid a foot an kick him on de shin,
Which put him brefless on de floor, an make de nigga [grin.
Oh, Rose, take care Rose,
I wish I may be burnt if I don't hate Rose,
Oh, Rose, you blacka snake Rose.

He jump up for sartin, he cut dirt an run—
How Sambo follow arter, wid his tum, tum, tum;
He jump up for sartin, he cut dirt an run—
How Sambo follow arter, wid his tum, tum, tum.
Oh, Rose, curse dat Rose,
I wish Old Hays would catch dat Rose,
Oh, Rose, you blacka snake Rose.

WHAR DID YOU CUM FROM?

'Tis a bery lubly night, an de moon shines bright,
De clouds in de norf are gwoin out ob sight,
De whipperwill sings, an de crickets all dance,
De frogs want to cum it, but dey can't get chance.
An it's whar did you cum from?
Who do you belong to?
I wonder whar he went to?
Ra de, diddle, la da, da, da, da!

Oh, a tree frog sung as de clouds begin to lower,
Says he, it's my opinion, we're gwan to hab a shower;
So he crep under a tree-leaf for an umbreller,
And, says he, old thunder, you may now begin to beller.
An it's whar, &c.

Oh, dar was a bulldog on a bank, an' a bullfrog in a pool,
An de bulldog called de frog a cold-water fool;
He was jumping down to catch him, but a snapper cotch his paw,
An de bullfrog died a laffin jist to hear him wag his jaw.
An it's whar, &c.

Oh, a wild puss take a notion to hab some possum meat,
An he put a walnut in his paws for to disguise his feet;
But de possum see his smeller by de fox fiar light,
An she crep in her bosom, an vanished out ob sight.
An it's whar, &c.

Jis fetch along de taters, an we'll fry em in de pan,
Oh, help yourself to possum fat, my charming Mary Ann;
A nice bowl ob coon soup is jis de bery ting,
To clear away de cobwebs, and let a nigger sing.
An it's whar, &c.

Miss Matilda wash de dishes, Juliana bring de broom,
Eberlina set de chairs back all around de room ;
Mr. Coon am a gentleman, I speck him here to-night,
He's coming round de corner, gals, jis try and be perlite.
An it's whar, &c.

So now come again to-morrow, all in de arternoon,
For really, sir, you hab come a little while too soon ;
Allow me de honor to say to you good-night,
For de gals am gettin' tired, an it's almost daylight.
An it's whar, &c.

DERE'S SOME ONE IN THE HOUSE WID DINAH.

Old Joe sat at de garden gate,
He couldn't get in, 'cos he'd come too late ;
Up wid a stone, and knock at de door,
"I want to come in," says dis black Joe.
"Who's dere ?" "Old Joe."
"What, de Joe ?" "Yes, de Joe."
Old Joe kicking up behind and before,
De yallow gal kicking up behind old Joe.
Dere's some one in the house wid Dinah,
Dere's some one in de house, I know ;
Dere's some one in de house wid Dinah,
Playing on de ole banjo.

Out come Dinah ! "What for you dere ?"
"I want a gun to shoot dat hare."
"Come, old nigga, dat game won't do ;
You had better go home and mend your shoe."
Old Joe, &c.

He come to town in a shocking fright,
For he heard a noise and he saw a fight ;
Some boys were running up and down,
Shouting—"Old Joe is just come to town !"
Old Joe, &c.

In come a nigga, wid a blue-tailed coat ;
"Can you give me change for a five-pound note ?"
"About your notes I do not know,
But I'll give you a note on de old banjo."
Old Joe, &c.

Old Joe was a nice young man,
He used to ride old Dobbin Dan ;
But he sent him spinning down de hill,
An' I calculate he is dere still.
Old Joe, &c.

SICH A GITTIN UP STAIRS.

On a Suskehannah raft I cum up de bay,
And I danced; and I frolick'd, and I fiddled all de way.
Sich a gittin up stairs I neber did see,
Sich a gittin up stairs I neber did see.

Trike he toe an heel, cut de pigeon wing,
Scratch de gravel, slap de foot, dat is just de ting.
Sich a gittin, &c.

I went to de play, an I seed Jim Crow,
Oh, nigger Isam den swell, for Jim he was no go.
Sich a gittin, &c.

I look him in de face, until I make him grin,
And then I trow a backa quid, and hit him on de shin.
Sich a gittin, &c.

Oh, I is dat boy dat knows how to preach a sarmon,
'Bout temperance, and "seven up," and all dat kind of [varmin.
Sich a gittin, &c.

Niggers held a meetin 'bout de colonization,
And dere I spoke a speech about amalgamation.
Sich a gittin, &c.

To Washington I go, dere I cut a swell,
Cleanin' gemman's boots, and ringing auction bell.
Sich a gittin, &c.

I call'd on yaller Sal, dat trades in sausages,
And dere I met big Joe, which made my dander ris.
Sich a gittin, &c.

Says I, "You see dat door? just mosey nigga Joe,
For I'm a Suskehannah boy, wot knows a ting or two.
Sich a gittin, &c.

And den I show my science,—prenez gardez vous,
Bung he eye, break he shin, split he nose in two.
Sich a gittin, &c.

Sal beller out—den she jump up between us,
But guess he no forget de day when Isam show his [genus.
Sich a gittin, &c.

Den big Joe went out, he gwan to take de law,
But he no fool de possum—I cut my stick for Baltimore.
Sich a gittin, &c.

Two behind and two before,
Wait till you get to de watch-house door.
Sich a gittin, &c.

Sal is sassy, I know what she means,
She's been to school, and is up to beans.
Sich a gittin, &c.

DE DANDY BROADWAY SWELL.

You talk ob dandy niggers, but you neber saw this coon,
Perambulating Broadway on a Sunday arternoon ;
He's de sole delight ob yaller gals, de envy ob de men,
Observe dis nigga ven he turn and talk ob dandies den.
For he's de kick, de go, de cheese,
As ebery one can tell ;
De dark fair sex he's sure to please,
He's de dandy Broadway swell.

He sports a double eye-glass dat he shuts up in a case,
And wears a black silk gravat because it suits de face ;
White gloves and cane, and fancy vest, French pantaloons an' hat,
An grand imperial dat he cut from back ob our ole cat.
For he's de kick, &c.

His outside coat is padded to make him shoulders broad,
You'd tink he was Beau Brummel, you would, upon my word ;
He sometime wear moustaches, but he lost em toder day,
De wind was high, de glue was bad, an so dem blowed away.
For he's de kick, &c.

Now I'll tell you him name—Count Julius Cæsar Mars Napoleon Sinclair Brown,
De biggest nob, de greatest swell, in all de country roun ;
So look out gals and mind yourselves, for if him roll him eye, [and die.
You'll gib a kick, a screech, a groan, and den fall down
For he's de kick, &c.

DANDY JIM OF CAROLINE.

Dar's dandy nigger in each place,
Wid beefstake lips that wik wid grace ;
But none among de gals can shine,
Like dandy Jim ob Caroline.
All colour'd virgins tell me, oh,
I's de best looking nigger in de country, oh,
I look'd in de glass and found it so,
Just as the virgins tell me, oh.

I went one ebenin to de ball,
Wid lips combed out and wool quite tall ;
De ladies eyes like snow-balls shine
On dandy Jim ob Caroline.
All colour'd, &c.

Dey squat-sied to me an' advance,
To foot it wid me in de dance,
Yet none could tee but Ginger Dine,
Wid dandy Jim ob Caroline,
All color'd, &c.

An' when I cut de pigeon wing,
I fan de ceilin' wid my fling;
De ladies all fell in a swine,
For dandy Jim ob Caroline,
All color'd, &c.

De fiddler he so much admired,
Like " Ole Bull" he got ginspired,
An' ebery note he sawed so fine,
Said " Dandy Jim ob Caroline,"
All color'd, &c.

An' when I started to go home,
De ladies sighed and tried to come,
But none could go but Lasses Dine,
Wid dandy Jim ob Caroline.
All color'd, &c.

Den from my head each gal did pull
A lock of my fine silken wool,
Dey plait it into letters line,
Ob dandy Jim ob Caroline.
All color'd, &c.

Next to a concert I did go,
An' soon as I my figure show,
Then ebery singer change each line,
To dandy Jim ob Caroline.
All color'd, &c.

Oh music it hab charms we know,
But beauty 'clipses all below.
For de people turn from strains so fine
To dandy Jim ob Caroline.
All color'd, &c.

Dey say dat beauty's but skin deep,
My skin's so thick 'twill always keep,
And till I die I'll live and shine
The dandy Jim ob Caroline.
All color'd, &c.

SAMBO DON'T YOU CRY.

I come from Alabama wid my banjo on my knee,
And I'm going to Lousiana, my Sambo for to see;
It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death, O Sambo don't you cry.
I had a dream de oder night, when ebery ting was still,
I thought I saw my Sambo dear, come running down the hill;
His teeth look snow-white in his mouf, and jet black was his eye,
Says I, I'm coming to the Souf, O Sambo don't you cry.
I soon will go to New Orleans, and then I'll look for thee,
And if I find my Sambo dear, how happy we shall be:
But if I do not find him, poor Lucy'll surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried, O Sambo don't you cry.

THE OLD JAWBONE.

De jawbone hung ober log-hut fire—
Jawbone de ting I most admire,
And when at night my work am done,
Jawbone an I can hab some fun.
  Dance jawbone wid your Turkey too,
  Neber mind my looking at you.
No sooner I sit down to gaze,
An' log-hut fire make de blaze,
Dan jawbone show such lots of sights
As neber was seen by British whites.
    Dance, &c.
Once when de flame was burning bright,
O what a sight I seed that night—
I fancy the jawbone a lubly wreath
Wid de face ob my Dinah underneath.
    Dance, &c.
O how my heart went pit-a-pee,
I blushed at her, she blushed at me,
But de faut was hers I'm certain sure,
For I know she lub'd dat Nig next door.
    Dance, &c.
I neber make dat jawbone swing,
But all de bell begin to ring,
And if I cut a caper or two,
Jawbone always dances too.
    Dance, &c.
Jawbone and Joe will neber part,
Jawbone always in my heart;
For my ole fader gabe it me,
A genuine jawbone legacy.—Dance, &c.

BOATMAN OF THE OHIO.

De spring ob de year hab gone at last,
De fishing time hab gone and past,
Four-an-twenty boatmen sitting on de rock,
Shootin ob der sea-gulls all in a flock.
Dance de boatmen dance,
Dance de boatmen dance;
We'll dance all night in de pale moonlight
And go home wid de girls in de morning.
O yoe, de boatmen row,
Floating down de riber ob de Ohio.

Oh, de boatman dance, de boatman sing,
De boatman slick to ebery ting;
When de boatman go ashore,
He spend de money, den fish for more.
Dance, &c.

De boatman him de pink o' de man,
None make lub like de boatman can,
Him never see a pretty girl in all him life.
But she was sure be boatman's wife.
Dance, &c.

Den if to ball him chance to go,
An' dance to the trump of de ole banjo,
Den how the nigger kick up him heel,
Dancing wid de yaller girl de Highland reel.
Dance, &c.

De boatman jealous—upon my life
He dance wid de gals instead ob him wife,
But de sly ole fox him neber gib a chance,
Wid him wife to hab a dance.
Dance, &c.

De boatman quarrel, de boatman fight,
De boatman make de nigger turn white,
De boatman baste him like a goose,
Den lock him up in a calabouse.
Dance, &c.

Come let me out de nigger cry,
Me let him out and away him fly,
And once de nigger him get ashore,
He neber play de trick wid boatman any more.
Dance, &c.

WHEN DE MOON SHINE BRIGHTLY.

When de moon shine brightly, oh,
Then de Nigger courting go ;
Him fling smash down de drill and hoe,
And oberseer may kiss him toe.
Miss Winterbottom I fuss did woo,
Miss Ramsbottom make number two,
Miss Higgenbottom odd one more,
And fat widdy Ramsbottom; number four.
When de moon, &c.

Jemima bosky hear me sing,
Ope your windy, I brought the ring,
Pick your ears and rub your eyes,
An' hear your faithful Quashe's cries.
Go home brack man, I change my min',
Fat Jack come back from Caroline ;
I'm nuffin more to say fellow,
So 'bout you business you may go.
When de moon, &c.

Go home, "Cod's chops" to you grass bed,
Or my dear friend will scrunch you head ;
Go home flat nose to you repose,
Or Lusty John shall gib you blows.
Entire you barebones twice I say,
And meet a sarpint in you way ;
Come down, Fat John, and fight him duel,
We make him sing out "water-gruel."
When de moon, &c.

Fat Jack he weigh a wery many stun,
Like free or four men rolled in one ;
He jump out ob window gouge my eye,
Pitch me into mud cart passing by !
Miss Bosky from de attic pop,
An' throw a brick upon me flop !
Man shoot me out into deep pit,
Turn'd inside out, and smother'd in—grit.
When de moon, &c.

I'm beat to "everlasting smash,"
Jemima called me "tarnal trash ;"
My heart's froze up—my courage droops,
I'm like a butt dat's lost its hoops—
I'm done wid de fair sex right slap bang,
Infection cause me no more pang,
I'm wedded now to de ole banjo,
And I'll sing till I burst like a tam ole shoe.
When de moon, &c.

JIM ALONG JOSEY.

Oh, I'se from Louisiana, as you all must know,
Where Jim along Josey's all the go,
Dem nigger all rise when de bell does ring,
And dis am de song dat dey do sing—
Hey, get along, get along, Josey,
Hey, get along, get along, Joe—
Hey, get along, get along, Josey,
Hey, get along, Jim along Joe.

Once ole Jim Crow was dare all de go,
Till he found him rival in Jim along Joe;
Now poor ole Jim dey hab put him to bed,
And Jim along Josey hab come in him stead.
Hey, get along, &c.

O, when I get dat new coat I expects to hab soon,
Likewise the new pair tight-kneed trusaloon,
I'll walk up and down Bond-street wid my Susanna,
An' in my mouth smoke the real Habanna.
Hey, get along, &c.

My sisa Rosa de oder night did dream,
Dat she was a floating up and down de stream;
And when she woke she did begin to cry,
Oh, de white cat pick out de black cat's eye.
Hey, get along, &c.

Now away down south not bery far off,
De bull-frog died wid de hooping-cough;
A' 'tother side Mississippi, as you must know,
Dare was where they christen me Jim along Joe.
Hey, get along, &c.

Dem New York nigger tink they're so fine,
Cause they drink noting but de genuine;
But de poor Kentuck nigger when dare day gone by,
Dey sarb him like an old horse kicked out to die.
Hey, get along, &c.

Oh, I'm de bold nigger dat don't mind my troubles,
'Cause dey are noting more dan bubbles;
De ambition dat such a nigger feels,
Is showin' the science ob him heels.
Hey, get along, &c.

De best President we eber had was Gen'ral Washington,
An' de one we've got now is Gen'ral Harrison;
But although de ole Gen'ral's long gone dead,
So long de country stands his name shall float a-head.
Hey, get along, &c.

JASPER JACK.

Old Jasper Jack was as sharp as a flint,
He'd a sort of a ''petual motion' squint;
A sixpenny shank and a tenpenny one,
And not a toof left to him gum.
For he had been berry gay.
Ole Jasper Jack got ob liquor a fill,
He was rolled in a spiked tub down a hill,
Then he took a coomaid's place ob work,
And de leg ob a monkey serbed up for pork.
So he was kicked out dat day.
Jack wait on a party once in Skull-bone passage,
He seed a German baron steal a German sassige,
He ruse to parlour door and out him roar,
" German sassige bery rich, German baron bery poor.
The ladies all faint away.
Ole Jack draw de missy a quart ob ale,
All sour, no froth, and 'ticularly stale;
Where de head on dis drippin, you ugly mug
Put your own white head, marm, in de jug,
And den 'twill be au fait.
Jack's missy was bornd a Boston lass,
Her charms all oders did quite surpass;
Her face shined like a looking glass,
And she wore a bustle of Ingee grass,
For dat don't smell like hay.
But death lay Jack massa by de heels,
And Jack soon love widdy missy he feels;
She take compassion, him wounds she heals,
They dance same night de bridal reels,
And Jasper's got full sway,

JIM CRACK COM.

You've heard no doubt ob Ginger Blue,
So much dat something I'll sing you
To please you all, dat is I'll try,
'Bout Massa and de green-tail fly.
Jim Crack Com, don't care,
Jim Crack Com, he don't care,
Jim Crack Com, I don't care,
Poor Massa him no go.
I serb at home, as you'll suppose,
On Massa wait an' brush him clothes:
I watch him snore wid a sleepy eye,
Den keep look out for de green-tail fly.
Jim Crack Com, &c.

Ole Massa sleep one afternoon,
When de green-tail fly buzz into de room;
Him de size ob a horse—him tell no lie,
It war a good sized green-tail fly.*
De fly buzz round an' eat de fruit,
Den jump inside ole Massa's boot;
Tarnation but him could not spy,
Whare de debbil war de green-tail fly.
Ole Massa woke, put on him boot,
De hungry fly bite like a brute;
Ole Massa roar, ole Massa cry,—
Tarnation seize de green-tail fly.
Massa scream—fly didn't care,
He eat till de boot alone were dere.
An' all ob Massa we could spy
Stuck out ob de troat ob de green-tail fly.

NIGGER JACK OF TENNESSEE.

The queerest chap I eber see
Was nigger Jack of Tennessee;
His nose was fat his cheeks were thin,
And his under lip hung ober his chin—
Re, ro, my true love;
Do come along, my darling:
I'm going for to leave you,
Don't let our parting grieve you:
Yha, yha, yha, yha, yha, yha, yha!
Come along, my darling, ober de mountain.
Jack buying horses did engage,
Look'd in dere ears to tell der age;
Thought a donkey better and stronger,
'Cos him ears were so much longer. *
Boss give him sov'reign; Jacky said,
'I'd rather have a crown instead;
A crown him bigger and not suspicious—
Dem yaller coin dey look so billious.
One morning Jack, as sure as you're born,
Dug for taters in a field of corn;
Put on a red coat at a berrin',
And fish'd in de pond to catch red herring.
One morning when dis nigger rose,
He put him mittens on him toes;
Clean'd him teeth wid an apple-scoop,
And shav'd himself wid an iron hoop.

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* The chorus of both songs to be repeated.